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EPISTLE
T O
JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;
Occasion'd by the DEATH
OF THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES,
Late Earl of *HALIFAX*.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the *Oxford-Arms* in
Warwick-Lane. MDCCXV.

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JOSEPH ADDISON

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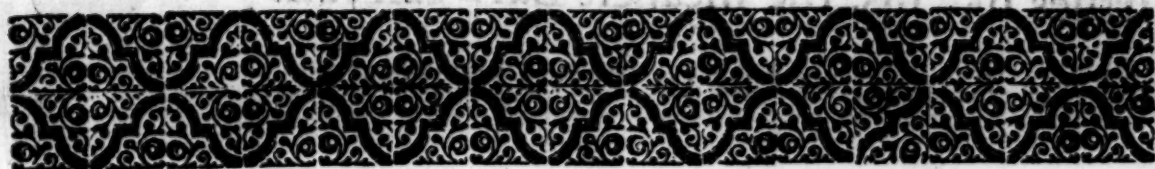
RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES

Late Earl of HALLIFAX

L O N D O N

Printed for J. Roberts, near the Old Swan in
Windsor Lane. MDCCLXXV.



A N
E P I S T L E
T O
JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;



AND shall Great HALIFAX relign to Fate,
And not one Bard upon his Ashes wait?
Or is with him all Inspiration fled,
And lie the Muses with their Patron Dead?
Convince us, ADDISON, his Spirit reigns
Breathing again in thy Immortal Strains:
To Thee the list'ning World impartial bends,
Since HALIFAX and Envy now are Friends.

Me deeply smit with Love of Nature's Laws,
The Vital Union, and Dissolving Cause,
His Worth transports beyond this fleeting Frame,
To tell how Dying Patriots live in Fame;

Virtues like his, the meanest Bard can raise;
And 'tis Ambition but to strive to praise.

When Scenes of Action are obscure and low,
Nature moves silent, and advances flow;
Defers to distant Days, and Ages fit
The Pow'rs of Genius, and the Fires of Wit.
She suits her Times of Wonder to her Men,
And to a CÆSAR gives a VIRGIL'S Pen:
When Toils are destin'd for the Brave or Wise,
A NASSAU, and a MONTAGUE arise.

Yet Virtue often fullen and retir'd,
Shines to her self, nor cares to be admir'd;
Distrusting Fortune, or by Fears betray'd,
Round her own Merit casts an Envious Shade.
The Patriot-Soul with warmer Notions fir'd,
Or by some secret Providence inspir'd,
Waits with Impatience for the Publick Voice,
And owes his useful Greatness to his Choice;
Ev'n when excluded from more Noble Views,
Some lower Tract of Glory still pursues.
Thus PHILIP'S Son ARBELA yet unfought,
With the Great Stagyrte in private thought:

Thus

Thus JULIUS once to Eloquence laid Claim,
And HALIFAX first chose the Poets Fame.

O ADDISON! assert the *Poet-Race*,
And save the Kindred *Muses* from Disgrace:
Say, by the Pow'rs of heavenly Numbers taught,
How *Monarchs* govern'd, and how *Heroes* fought,
When yet *Morality* in Verse was sung,
And Lyres by none but hallow'd Fingers strung;
When Bards unpractis'd in the Arts of Praise,
Flatter'd no TYRANTS in their servile Lays,
And scorn'd to gild in prostituted Rhimes,
An Ox—D's Treasons, or a BOURBON'S Crimes:
They chose their Themes like HALIFAX and You,
Selected Spirits, and the Virtuous Few,
Who founded Laws, or banish'd Faith restor'd,
Or for their Country drew the righteous Sword,
Fit Objects to employ the Voice Divine
Of CATO's, NASSAU's, or of BRUNSWICK's Line,
Fir'd with these Names the Muse ambitious tow'rs,
Fond of her Theme, forgetful of her Pow'rs;
But soon she falters, and to you resigns
The Rival Majesty of VIRGIL's Lines;

Content, if her inferior rude Essays
Hurt not his Ashes, whom they meant to praise

Ye murm'ring Sons of *Phæbus*, call no more
The Banks of *Helicon* a Barren Shore;
The Gods their Favourites thence to Honours bring,
And kindly raise them on the Muses Wing.
There MONTAGUE with secret Rapture warm'd,
At CHARLES'S Urn the listning Shepherd's charm'd;
So much the God indulg'd the youthful Lays,
SPENSER might own the Song, and SIDNEY praise;
So well he shar'd the Character he writ,
The gentlest Manners, and the strongest Wit.

Succeeding Days require no pious Strain;
For ah! what Tongue can sing when Tyrants reign?
Who wake the String, or tune the sprightly Reeds,
To Notes of Pleasure, when his Country bleeds?
APOLLO, then no more thy Sons inspire,
Then blast the Hand that dares provoke the Lyre,
Or stain their Actions with unhallow'd Rhimes,
And *Bavius*'s and *D---y*'s damn their Times.

But

But see! the Clouds of *Rodish* Night disperse, H
 And W I L L I A M gives a brighter Theme for Vernal
 As a Brave Champion half his Force conceals,
 'Till he some new uncommon Impulse feels,
 Then meets an Object worthy of the Fight,
 And puts forth all the Wonders of his Might,
 His Foes stand trembling, and his Friends admire,
 Where slept the hidden Strength, and secret Fire.
 Thus H A L F A X's Mute, till W I L L I A M came,
 Check'd half her Vigour, and restrain'd her Flame,
 Then soaring boldly with no middle Wing,
 O'er Earth and Seas persud the Godlike K I N G,
 Fill'd with new Fury ev'ry glowing Line,
 And found a Second *Zanthus* in the *Boyne*.

Ye Pow'rs! how just, how num'rous is that Song!
 How rich the Fancy, and the Vein how strong!
 The hurried Reader with the Poet flies,
 Yet looks on all he pass'd with longing Eyes,
 At ev'ry Prospect equal Passions burn,
 Pleas'd he proceeds, yet wishes to return.

Here

Here, *Britons*, see what different Spirit reigns
 In Free-born Muses, and in Slavish Strains:
 Observe how artful *BOILEAU* sweats and toils,
 To plume his Demi-God with borrow'd Spoils;
 From *CÆSAR*, or *ÆNEAS*, steals a Grace,
 And forms from Ancient Draughts a Modern Face.

While *MONTAGUE* secure, without Controul
 Fix'd on the Greatness of his Hero's Soul,
 Trusts to his Theme his Numbers to inspire,
 With proper Raptures; and Poetic Fire.

But, *SIR*, methinks I hear you check the Song;
 That dwells upon his meanest Praise too long,
 And bid me trace with a superior Quill,
 The *Patriot's* Wisdom, and the *Statesman's* Skill.
 O! take the mighty Task, for *You* alone
 Can charm in Language equal to his own;
 Describe him form'd with ev'ry Grace to please,
 Expressive Spirit, Fluency and Ease:
 Expert in wise Assemblies to preside,
 The doubtful *Senate's* Oracle, and Guide;

Whose

Whose Eloquence, without the formal Art,
 Flow'd to convince the Head, and warm the Heart;
 Say, when fierce Murmurs, and Contention rose,
 (For Virtue finds in ev'ry Reign its Foes)
 His Soul an equal Firmness still maintain'd,
 Compos'd their Tumults, and their Heats restrain'd,
 Or paint Him, watchful over future Rates,
 The Turns and Moments of contending States,
 Directing where *Britannia's* Sword should sway,
 Her dreadful Edge, and where her Thunder play,
 Consulting still in each important Aim,
 His Country's Safety, and his Monarch's Fame.

These Publick Actions be thy juster Choice;
 Then, ADDISON, inspire some second Voice,
 To trace his less ambitious Scenes of Life;
 Retir'd from Noisy Crouds, and Civil Strife;
 Where the free Soul unbends her self to please
 In Social Virtues, and in Letter'd Ease;
 Where chearful Looks, and friendly Speech give Birth
 To wise Enjoyments, and Socratic Mirth.

For ever, *Hampton*, Sacred be thy Towers,
 Spring fresh thy Greens, and flourish thick thy Bowers;
 There, still defended by indulgent Skies,
 The Warriour's Wreath, and Poet's Garland rise!
 These Scenes with deep Regard, Ye Sages, grace,
 Ye Bards, with solemn Honours mark the Place;
 Raise it as high in Ages yet to come,
 As CHAUCER'S Grove, or TULLY'S *Tusculum*.
 Then, while Posterity their Acts display,
 The Gen'rous Briton shall with Rapture say,
 'These Shades, absolv'd from War, Great WILLIAM
 (sought,
 'And HALIFAX in those Recesses thought.

When Sixteen barren Centuries were past,
 This Second Great MÆCENAS came at last;
 In whom Example, and Protection join'd,
 All Sciences improv'd, all Arts refin'd,
 And made our stubborn *English* Sense submit
 To the just Culture of *Athenian* Wit.

To Thee, Blest Genius! thy *Britannia* owes
 That Learning in a purer Channel flows;

That

That Vice no more the Price of Virtue reaps,
 Nor modest Want in silent Sorrow weeps ;
 That Glory courts the Wise, the Good, the Strong,
 And only virtuous Merit lives in Song.

Rest then, Great Soul ! secure of deathless Fame !
 Blest be thy Dust, and sacred be thy Name !
 Be it invok'd in all our future Lays,
 With Lasting Honour, and Religious Praise,
 'Till CATO'S Works with LIBERTY expire,
 Or NEWTON'S die in falling Worlds of Fire.

F I N I S .



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